

At Mother's Knee.

SAFE to the fold the Shepherd leads
His little lambs at close of day,
And thus my wrings come to me,
At last grown tired of their play;
And while the twilight shadows fall
O'er hill and meadow from above,
I draw my little lambskins safe
Within the fold of home and love.

O, drowsy eyes of blue and brown!
O nodding heads! I understand;
'Tis time two little travellers start,
With mother's aid, for "slumber-land."
She folds the dresses snug away,
And frees the restless, dainty feet
From shoe and stocking. Thus, at last,
My little lambs refreshed and sweet,

And robed in white before me kneel
With folded hands. O Father, Thou
Who art the Shepherd of Thy flock,
Bow down Thy ear and listen now
To each low, childish prayer that these,
My children, offer up to Thee.
Hallow the twilight hour, O Lord,
That brings them thus before my knee.

And so through all the silent hours
Which lie between the night and day,
They shall not fear, since from the fold
Thy love will drive all foes away.
Sleep, little ones, oh, sweetly sleep,
Till morning sunbeams gather fast;
And safe from slumber-land you come
Back to your mother's knee at last.

—Illustrated Christian Weekly.

I was in a hospital at Murfreesboro'. In the middle of the night, I was roused and told that a man in one of the wards wanted to see me. I went to him, and he called me "chaplain"—I was not the chaplain—and said he wanted me to help him to die. And I said: "I would take you right up in my arms, and carry you into the kingdom of God, if I could; but I cannot do it; I cannot help you to die!" And he said: "Who can?" I said: "The Lord Jesus Christ can—He came for that purpose." He shook his head, and said: "He cannot save me; I have sinned all my life." And I said: "But He came to save sinners." I thought of his mother in the North, and I was sure that she was anxious that he should die in peace; so I resolved I would stay with him. I prayed two or three times, and repeated all the promises I could; for it was evident that in a few hours he would be gone. I said I wanted to read him a conversation that Christ had with a man who was anxious about his soul. I turned to the third chapter of John. His eyes were riveted on me; and when I came to the fourteenth and fifteenth verses, he caught up the words: "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life." He stopped me, and said: "Is that there?" I said: "Yes." He asked me to read it again; and I did so. He leant his elbows on the cot, and clasping his hands together, said: "That's good; won't you read it again?" I read it the third time; and then went on with the rest of the chapter. When I had finished, his eyes were closed, his hands were folded, and there was a smile on his face. Oh, how it was lit up! What a change had come over it! I saw his lips quivering, and leaning over him I heard, in a faint whisper: "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life." He opened his eyes, and said: "That's enough; don't read any more." He lingered a few hours, pillowing his head on those two verses; and then went up in one of Christ's chariots, to take his seat in the kingdom of God.



THE DEER.

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TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 12, 1885.

Look and Live.

SOME men say: "I wish I knew how to be saved." Just take God at His word, and trust His Son this very hour—this very moment. He will save you, if you will trust Him.

When I was in Belfast, I knew a doctor who had a friend, a leading surgeon there; and he told me that the surgeon's custom was, before performing any operation, to say to the patient: "Take a good look at the wound, and then fix your eyes on me; and do not take them off till I get through." I thought at the time that was a good illustration. Sinner, take a good look at the wound; and then fix your eyes on Christ, and do not take them off. It is better to look at the remedy than at the wound. See what a poor wretched sinner you are; and then look at the Lamb of God, who "taketh away the sin of the world." He died for the ungodly and the sinner. Say, "I will take Him!" And may God help you to lift your eye to the Man on Calvary. And as the Israelites looked upon the serpent and were healed, so may you look and live.

After the battle of Pittsburg Landing,

REMEMBER

THE S. S. AID COLLECTION

ON REVIEW SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 27.

This collection, it will be remembered, is ordered by the General Conference to be taken up in each and every Sunday-school in the Methodist Church; and the Review Sunday in September is recommended as the best time for taking it up. This fund is increasing in usefulness, and does a very large amount of good. Almost all the schools comply with the Discipline in taking it up. In a few cases, however, it is neglected. It is very desirable that every school should fall into line. Even schools so poor as to need help themselves are required to comply with the Discipline in this

respect to be entitled to receive aid from the fund. Superintendents of circuits and Superintendents of schools will kindly see that in every case the collection is taken up. It should, when taken up, be given in charge of the Superintendent of the circuit, to be forwarded to the District Financial Secretaries, who shall transmit the same to the Conference Sunday-school Secretary, who shall in turn remit to Warring Kennedy, Esq., Toronto, the lay-treasurer of the fund. (See Discipline, §§ 354-356)

Helping the Teacher.

SOME teachers go to their classes with a heavy heart every Sabbath. If they did not feel religiously bound to go, they would stay at home. Why? Because they do not love to study and to teach the truths of the Bible? No. Because they do not care for the souls of the young people in their charge? No, no; if it were not for their love of souls, they would never consent to meet the class again. What, then, is the matter? Why, simply this: the scholars do not seem to care anything for the teacher. "O we don't like our teacher; if we had a good teacher, we would do better." Did you ever hear that? Did you ever so far forget yourself as to say such a thing? Now, let's look into the matter a little. First, exchange places with the teacher. There you are. Now, how would you like the class to treat you as your teacher has been treated this long time? "You would quit." Yes, that is precisely what you would do. But your teacher has hold on—in spite of the fact that you have refused to study the lesson, refused to come promptly, refused to keep quiet in class, refused to give attention, refused to bestow even the common courtesies of social life. In spite of feelings sorely wounded every Sunday your teacher has held on bravely—for Christ's sake and for your soul's sake. Would anybody but a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus endure such treatment as this? Is it not mean and cruel to treat a humble

servant of Jesus thus? We do not say that those who do such things intend to be mean and cruel; it may be thoughtlessness, but damage is done all the same. Jesus is grieved, and Satan rejoices.

This is no unusual thing of which we speak. It may be seen in greater or less degree in almost every school. In some schools the prevailing spirit is that of indifference, if not of positive antagonism to the teacher. Now and then we find a class so proficient in this service of the devil that teacher after teacher is driven from it in despair. It is the same spirit which said of Jesus, "Away with Him!"

Now the remedy for this evil is within easy reach. Let the class remember that they are as much in duty bound to help the teacher as the teacher is to help them. The scholar has a work to do, and God holds him to as strict an account for the performance of that work as the teacher is held for the performance of his. It is as much the duty of the scholar to learn as it is of the teacher to teach. Forgetfulness of this fact lies at the bottom of much of the trouble between class and teacher. In conclusion, ask yourself this question: Am I helping or hindering my teacher in his or her efforts to teach me the way of life and salvation? —S. S. Quarterly.

The Deer.

WHAT a graceful animal the deer is. What slender legs, and quick alert ears, and large soft eyes. The one in the picture evidently hears something, and is alarmed at the sound. They are very timid, and the least noise startles them. They can run and swim very fast. A curious thing about them is that the horns drop off at certain intervals and new ones sprout. At first they are very tender, and are covered with a velvety coat, but after awhile they become harder, and the covering is rubbed off against boughs of trees. The one in the picture is quite young, and has as yet no horns. Their flesh is considered a great delicacy.